

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

"I love them that love Me: and those that seek Me early shall find Me."

VOL. X.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., SEPTEMBER, 1862.

NO. 9.

Little Children.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." Mark x, 14.

I DEARLY love a little child,
And Jesus loved young children too;
He ever sweetly on them smiled,
And placed them with His favor'd few.

When cradled on his mother's breast,
A babe was brought to Jesus' feet,
He laid His hand upon its head,
And bless'd it with a promise sweet.

"Forbid them not," the Saviour said,
"Oh, suffer them to come to me!
Of such my Heavenly Kingdom is,
Like them may all my followers be."

For the Youth's Instructor.

Incidents in My Past Life. No. 45.

BY ELDER JOSEPH BATES.

Camp-meetings in the Summer and Fall of 1842—In Littleton, Mass., in August—Taunton, Mass., in September—Salem, Mass., in October—Power and work of the First Angel's Message.

DURING the month of August, 1842, a Second-Advent camp-meeting was held in Littleton, Mass. This was the first camp-meeting that I had ever attended. It was quite a novel thing to see such a variety of tents pitched around the ministers' stand, among the tall shady trees. At the opening of the meeting we learned that those who occupied them were families from the various towns in the vicinity of the camp, and the city of Lowell, who were interested in the Advent doctrine.

The subject of the prophecies, connected with the second coming of our blessed Lord and Saviour, was the theme of ministers and people. All, except a mob who came to break up the meeting, seemed deeply interested; and these, after becoming acquainted with the nature of the meeting, ceased to trouble us, and peace, harmony and love prevailed during the entire meeting.

In September following another camp-meeting was held in the southern part of Massachusetts, in the town of Taunton, in a beautiful grove of tall pines, by the railroad, between Boston and New Bedford, Mass., and New Providence, R. I. This meeting was one of deep interest to the Advent cause, and opened the way for tens of thousands to attend and hear the proclamation of a coming Saviour. The cars, passing to and from these cities twice a day, landed the people in crowds on the

camp-ground. A large number of ministers were in attendance. Eld. Josiah Litch took the lead of this meeting, which continued for about a week. At one of our morning prayer-meetings, as the invitation was given for those to come forward who wished to be prayed for, among the mourners it was said there were about *thirty ministers* that prostrated themselves, some of them *on their faces*, beseeching God for mercy, and a preparation to meet their coming Lord! The preaching was so clear, and accompanied with so much power of the Holy Spirit, that it seemed like sin to doubt.

During this meeting, Eld. Millard on his way home from a tour in Palestine, stopped at the camp-ground. Eld. Litch asked him a number of questions before the congregation, in relation to his mission—what he had learned while abroad in that country relative to the doctrine of the Second Advent. He replied that it was known and spoken of there. This information was reliable and cheering. We had believed, but this was knowledge from another quarter, that the message of the flying angel was crossing land and sea to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people. On Sunday, it was judged that there were ten thousand people in the camp. The clear, weighty, and solemn preaching of the second coming of Christ, and the fervent prayers and animated singing of the new Second-Advent hymns, accompanied by the Spirit of the living God, sent such thrills through the camp, that many were shouting aloud for joy.

While the committee were moving around in the congregation, receiving contributions to defray the expenses of the meeting, some of the sisters began to take out their ear rings and strip off their finger rings and other jewelry, which example was followed by many others; and all thrown into the contribution. From this report was soon circulated abroad, that the Taunton camp-meeting had taken up in their collection about *three flour barrels full of jewelry!* The committee of arrangements anticipating some wrong report about this matter, dispatched one of their number on the first train to New Bedford, instructing him to sell all the jewelry for cash. He did so, and returned with *seven dollars!* We considered this about six times less than what it should have sold for, the whole of which would have filled a *pint measure*. This was in keeping with many other false reports from Second Advent meetings, and then retailed about the world for *facts*. This meeting was a very important one, and it opened the way for hundreds of Second Ad-

vent meetings in the various towns and villages in that region of country.

In about four weeks another camp-meeting commenced about three miles back of Salem city, Mass. This surpassed any meeting for interest and numbers that I had ever attended. Eld. Joshua V. Himes had the charge, and pitched his big tent there—said to hold about seven thousand people. On approaching this meeting from the city of Salem, the main streets, cross roads, lanes, and paths, seemed almost utterly jammed and crowded with teams and carriages loaded with people, beside the jam of foot passengers—all crowding through the thick smothering dust to the campground. Here in the large stone wall pasture ground, interspersed with high ragged rocks, clumps of bushes and straggling trees, bounded by woods on two sides and water on another, the city of Salem in the distance in another direction, were pitched the numerous tents for the great meeting. The big tent loomed above them all like a lighthouse, pointing to the looked-for harbor of the mariner, inviting the pressing multitude to enter and listen to the messengers of God proclaiming with stentorian voices the second coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The preaching was on the great leading doctrines of the Second Advent. Ministers and people listened with profound attention, desiring to know if these things were so, and what to do to fit them for that day. The ministers present who preached were Elders Himes, Litch, Fitch, Hale, Plumer, Cole, and many others. So anxious were the people to hear on this great subject, that those who could not be accommodated in the big tent, could be seen in the distance congregated under trees and clumps of trees, listening to selected ministers, explaining from the '43 Chart, fastened to the trees.

When the preaching meetings closed, prayer-meetings and praying circles for the unconverted commenced in the tents. The evenings were more especially devoted to this part of the work. Anxious souls who became fully convinced by listening to the truth, sought and found relief in these praying circles. Sometimes after listening to the united, earnest prayers, the shout of victory would follow, and then the rush to the tents to learn who was converted, and hear them tell what Jesus had done for them, and how they loved his appearing. And those who wished to see the onward progress of this work of God, could join with the groups of men and women with their selected ministers passing down to the water-bound side of the camp, and there, in accordance with their faith, and in obedience to Him who had set them free from sin, see them buried with him by baptism, and while returning on their way rejoicing, meet with others going to be buried in like manner.

Bro. Miller, with others, was attending conferences and camp-meetings in other States, and his engagements were such that he could not see it duty to be at either of these meetings in Massachusetts which I have mentioned. Eld. Cole, while speaking of his last meeting, on the preachers' stand, said, "Last evening I preached in the meeting-house in Merideth, N. H., to a crowded house, and the people were so absorbed in the subject of the coming of Christ, that they remained on their knees after I had closed the meeting, so that I had to pick out my way by stepping over their heads, to be out of the meeting in time to secure my passage to the Salem camp-meeting, and when I got out of the house the people in the yard were also on their knees, and thus I passed on, obliged to leave them."

At the time the train of cars were coming in from Newburyport, N. H., to Boston, Bro. Litch had reached a point in his discourse respecting the prophecy of Nahum, how that "in the day of his preparation the chariots shall rage in the streets, they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings," when he cried out, "*Don't you hear them?*" Yes, we did; for they were then dashing by us like a streak of light for the Salem station. The time and manner to prove to his audience the fulfillment of this prophecy, and make us feel that we had most clearly entered into the day of God's preparation, produced a thrilling sensation in the camp.

On Sunday it was judged there were *fifteen thousand people* in the camp. Here Bro. Fitch took leave of his brethren and started for the West, to spread the glad tidings of a coming Saviour. Two brethren in the ministry also started about this time to preach the Second Advent of Christ in England. This meeting gave an impetus to the cause that was wide-spread and lasting. When the camp broke up, a multitude from thence repaired to the Salem depot to secure their passages for Boston and vicinity. Some accident occurring to the trains from Newburyport, detained us in the Salem station for some two hours. Here our company commenced singing Advent hymns, and became so animated and deeply engaged that the people in the city came out in crowds, and seemed to listen with breathless attention until the cars came and changed the scene. Elder S. Hawley, a Congregationalist preacher who confessed faith in the Advent doctrine about this time, was invited to preach on the subject in the city of Salem on Sunday. On attending to his appointment a few weeks afterward, he reported that the excitement there on this subject was intense. It was judged that he had *seven thousand hearers*.

Second Advent publications were now multiplying, and through the daily journals it was astonishing to learn with what rapidity this glorious doctrine was being proclaimed throughout the length and breadth of the Union and the Canadas. The people in the various States, counties, towns, cities, and villages were all being aroused to hear the glad tidings.

Elder E. R. Pinney of New York, in his Exposition of Matt. xxiv, says: "As early as 1842, Second Advent publications had been sent to every missionary station in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and both sides of the Rocky Mountains."

As no work of God had ever aroused the nations of the earth in such a powerful and sudden manner since the first advent of the Saviour and day of Pentecost, the evidence was powerful and prevailing that this work was the fulfilling of the prophecy of the flying angel "in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, fear God and give glory to him, for the *hour of his judgment is come.*"

Allegan, Mich., Aug., 18, 1862.

For the Youth's Instructor.
To the Instructor Family.

DEAR CHILDREN: Another of your number has been called away by death; one who dearly loved your little paper, and was fairly delighted when it made its monthly visits. I refer to my little daughter, Allie, who fell asleep in Jesus June 1st, 1862. She was nearly

six years and a half old, but was thoughtful far beyond her years. She talked a great deal about the coming of Christ, and looked forward to that time with deep interest. She often said she loved the Lord, and Jesus the best of any body. She also loved the Bible Sabbath, and when told on Friday, that it would be Sabbath when the sun went down, would reply, "Will it? O, I am glad."

I had unwisely been too indulgent in dress, and allowed her to do likewise, until testimony on that point was published, nearly a year ago. I could then hesitate no longer as to my duty in the matter, but was puzzled to know how I should overcome her desire for these things, for I knew if the child had an idol in the world, it was dress. I called her to me one day and told her what God said about these things, and now, said I, what are you going to do with your hoops? Said she, unhesitatingly, "I shall take them off; hoops are of no account at all;" and from that time to the day of her death, she never evinced the least desire for them again, notwithstanding all the little girls of her age in the neighborhood wore them.

Allie had strong confidence in Divine protection. One day last fall I was sick and went into an adjoining room to lie down, leaving her alone. I told her if she was afraid she might fasten the front door. Said she, "I ain't afraid; Jesus will take care of me."

Last winter she was quite sick, and was afraid she was going to die. She cried, and said she didn't want to die; but during the last few weeks of her life, and while still in usual health, she said to me repeatedly, "Ma, I am willing to die if Jesus wants me to; ain't you?" I replied that we ought to be willing, for if we were good, Jesus would make us live again. "Yes," she would say.

She often called me to come and pray with her, and often would she pray alone when she thought no one saw her. On Thursday before she died, she was as sprightly as I ever saw her. Friday morning she was taken sick, and Sunday all that remained to us of Allie was a form of lifeless clay. But in all my lonely sadness, I seem to hear a voice saying, "Thy child shall live again."

Dear children, we know not which of the Instructor family will be called next. Now is the time to prepare for the eternal state; now, while you have health and strength; do not defer it till probation closes, or to a sick and dying bed. A death bed is no place to commence a preparation for heaven. Allie was too dreadful sick to converse with on eternal things; probably she never thought of death during her last sickness, and the next event with her will be the resurrection.

That we may all be prepared to meet her in that bright day, is the prayer of the writer.

L. M. GATES.

Trenton, Wis.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Opening the Prison Doors.

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

YOU will find this scripture in Isaiah lxi, 1. It is spoken of Jesus. His office is here announced, or the purpose for which he was to come into the world: to preach good tidings or good news to the meek; to bind up the brokenhearted; to proclaim liberty to the captives; and the

opening of the prison doors to them that are bound. These are all glad tidings of great joy to the poor inhabitants of this sin-cursed earth; but my present purpose is only to speak of the last—the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound.

The readers of the Instructor, no doubt, are all acquainted with the wicked rebellion of the South, and probably some of you have friends or relatives who have been taken prisoners, and are now bound or confined in their prison houses. And it would no doubt gladden your hearts could President Lincoln, or the armies of the North, overcome those rebels who have them confined, and open the prison doors, and let the prisoners go free, and permit them to return to their friends and homes again. But these are not the captives the Saviour came to free, nor are these the prisons he came to open.

You probably have relatives, a father or mother, or perhaps a little brother or sister, who have died and are now in their graves; and you no doubt loved them dearly, and grieved very much when they were laid away in the cold and silent tomb. They are now the captives of Satan, and are confined by him in the grave, which is his prison house. These are the captives which Jesus is going to free, and this is the prison which he is going to open. Satan has had the power of death for nearly 6000 years, but that power will soon be taken from him, and he will be destroyed. The Saviour has obtained the keys of this prison house. He was once confined in it for three days; on the third day he arose a triumphant Conqueror, and at that time he delivered a multitude of captives—the rest of the righteous dead he will release when he comes the second time.

Yes, the Saviour is soon coming to this earth again, to destroy the wicked, to release from the prison house, or graves, all who lived and died Christians—all those little boys and girls who obeyed their parents in the Lord, and kept all the commandments while they lived, will also be released; and those who are alive, that are good, will be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and, together with those who are raised, will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air.

Would you not all rejoice to see your friends again, who are now sleeping in the cold grave—not pale and sickly as they were before they died, but healthy and lovely, beautiful and bright as the angels? Would you not wish also to see the dear Saviour who has done so much for you, and endured so much in order to overcome him that had the power of death, so that he might give life again—*everlasting life*—to the good of all ages? If so, get good, do good, and be good; live faithful; the time is short. You will not have to wait long—the Saviour will soon come "to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

E. S. WALKER.

Battle Creek, Mich.

From the Child's Paper.

He Bore Our Sins.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii, 16.

BLEST be the Lord, that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood;
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

He honored all his Father's laws,
Which we had disobeyed;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., SEPTEMBER, 1862.

G. W. AMADON, EDITOR.

Questions for Young Bible Students.

ABOUT SALT.

WHAT does the Saviour say in Matt. v, 13?
 Who are here compared to salt?
 Why is this figure used?
 What punishment came upon Lot's wife?
 Gen. xix, 26.

What brought this judgment upon her?

In reference to this, what does the Saviour say to those who live near his coming? Luke xvii, 32.

How did Elisha heal the waters at Jericho? 2 Kings ii, 21.

What salt naturally purify unwholesome water?

What was one prescription in presenting offerings unto God? Lev. ii, 13.

Repeat the injunction in Col. iv, 6.

What lesson is herein taught?

Name the king that destroyed a certain city and sowed the ground with salt. Judges ix, 45.

How did he afterward come to his end? Verse 53.

What calamities happened to the Edomites in the Valley of Salt? 1 Kings xiv, 7; 1 Chron. xviii, 12.

Give the name of a certain water which in Scripture is called "the Salt Sea." Gen. xiv, 3. (Dead Sea.)

What cities once stood where the Dead Sea now lies? Deut. xxix, 23. How did God overthrow them? Gen. xix, 24.

What is one declaration of the apostle James? Chap. iii, 12.

Repeat the Saviour's language. Mark ix, 49.

Volunteers.

THE nation is now beating up for volunteers. War-meetings are being held, and sensation speeches made, to stir up the patriotism of the loyal North. Men, stout-hearted and courageous, are wanted to put down the dreadful rebellion. Already tens of thousands have responded, and marched boldly forth to bleed upon the altar of their country.

But it is not a war of human carnage, with shot and shell, and sabre stroke, that I must speak of. There is a battle to be fought which requires more courage than to meet a troop of horse, or a park of artillery. It is the battle for TRUTH, and the war against evil passion. In this great moral strife the King of glory calls for volunteers. For his legion, enlistments are now made, but no drafted men are accepted. It must be with free wills and ready hearts that names are entered here. And all, without discrimination of age, sex, or color, are accept-

ed. The only test is a pure heart. Already from Zion's walls the recruiting cry is heard, "Who will be on the Lord's side?" And it will rise louder and louder until the required company is made up, and we hear a shout of victory over the beast and his image, and the mark and number of his name. Then when the great Rebel Chief is subdued, when every unlawful passion has been conquered, when the fortunes of war have made us eternal victors, will we take the land and divide the inheritance.

Dear youth, do you want a part in this triumph? do you want to stand on the sea of glass? do you want to wave palm-branches there? If you do, enroll your name without a moment's delay.

CHILDREN, do you ever wonder why the Instructor is such a sober paper, and why its columns are not filled with sport and mirth? Well, I will tell you. The world is brim full of frolic and glee, and if these things were right, you had better learn them somewhere else than in the Instructor. The Bible, in speaking of the last days, complains that the people were "lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God." Would your editor do right, with this text before him, to profane his columns with nonsense? Did you ever read what the Saviour said in Luke vi, 25? Do you know what Peter said to those who were looking for "the end of all things?" 1 Pet. iv, 7. Can you repeat what the wise man said about mirth? Eccl. ii, 1, 2. Had we not all better watch and be sober, that we may stand before the Son of man?

Who will try?

Children.

EVER since the days of Cain and Abel the earth has rung with the merry shout of youthful children. Soon after Adam and Eve were expelled from Eden, little footsteps pattered around their tent door, and from that eventful day to this, the world has been full of them—some a blessing, others a curse.

When mankind became very corrupt, and good old Enoch was taken to heaven alive, little children were well acquainted with the wonderful story.

When divine Providence ordered Noah to build an ark, little children picked up the chips which the workmen left, and heard the startling message which fell from the lips of that man of God.

When faithful Moses led Israel from the iron furnace and Egyptian bondage, when he conducted them through the liquid walls of the Red Sea, little feet walked swiftly over the pebbles and sand; and when that great caravan of pilgrims encamped at Sinai to receive the law, little ears heard the dreadful voice of God, and little hearts trembled and quaked at the sound.

When Israel marched through that great and terrible wilderness toward Canaan, with the pillar of

cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, there was a host of little ones there who were covered with that symbol of Divine protection.

When the people sinned in the desert and were bitten by serpents, the children were bitten; and when the brazen type of the Redeemer was erected for their recovery, the children were healed also.

Again, when Israel crossed Jordan and went into Canaan, the children crossed over also, and with their parents inherited the promised land.

When our Lord and Saviour was among men, preaching to the hungry multitude that hung at his feet, he taught the *little children* also, and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." And when our Master was led forth to be crucified, little boys kept up with the mob; and when for dreadful hours the sun refused to shine, little children's eyes saw the sight, and their hearts were terrified at the strange phenomena.

And when the risen Saviour showed himself alive to his followers, their godly children saw the wonderful appearance.

During the dark ages, when holy men and women suffered for God, the innocent little children did not escape.

When bold Martin Luther thundered forth the words of inspiration at the Man of Sin, little children heard him, and, as history says, prayed for him.

When the Pilgrim Fathers sought an asylum in the wilds of America, where they could worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, their children came also, and with their parents shared all the dangers of a pioneer's life.

When the wonderful message went forth years since, that Christ was coming again, thousands of little children heard it, yes, and *believed* it.

And when God's great hour of salvation shall finally come, among that throng of immortal ones will be those who have obeyed the fifth command, and remembered their Creator in the days of their youth; and when the innumerable company pass away to the jasper sea on the gold-tipped clouds, among them will be a retinue of lovely youth and children who have not worshiped the beast nor his image, his mark, nor the number of his name.

"Glory to God! and praise, and power,
Honor and thanks be given!
Children, and cherubim adore,
The Lord of earth and heaven."

For the Youth's Instructor.

The Children's Prayer-meeting.

IN meditating upon what I should say to the readers of the Instructor this month, I have thought I would tell them about a children's prayer-meeting in Battle Creek. Some time since, as teachers of the Sabbath-school, we felt that some special effort should be made for our classes. Numbers of children of praying parents came Sab-

bath after Sabbath who seemed to love the Sabbath-school, yet showed no love to God in bearing their cross. Some of them would occasionally fall under bad influences, and *once* the fearful report came to our ears that one little boy, by reason of associating with bad boys in the street, had taken God's name in vain! Often did we think and ask, what can be done for the children?

One Sabbath while conversing with my class, I tremblingly invited them to come at such an hour each week for a season of prayer. They did so, and the Lord approved the effort. Soon other classes joined us, until little ones of five and seven years of age, some who had never taken up their cross at the family altar, met with us and lisped forth in childlike simplicity a prayer to God. Touching were these prayers, because the Holy Spirit attended them.

But older hearts than these for the first time besought God for mercy, and I trust have often left the place with happier hearts and holier feelings. Often have we felt it sweet to pour out our hearts to God for his saving blessing upon those who so humbly confessed their sins to God, and asked for grace to overcome. Here we have felt that we could learn of little children, simplicity and tenderness. Said Jesus, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Without saying anything in our own praise, we feel that a good work has begun in the hearts of some of the children here, and we hope it may spread till all feel repentance for their sins and become true heirs of salvation. But the work is only begun, yet we trust, if those who have let their spirits become contrite before God, continue to keep them so, take up their daily cross, they will soon follow Christ down to the water-side, and be buried with him to rise to walk in newness of life. Oh may the young awake, even down to the little children. The seven last plagues of God's wrath are about to sweep over the earth, and *who then* will have the seal of the living God?

We know the lambs of the flock need a wise shepherd to lead them on. Jesus is the great shepherd, but who will volunteer as *under-shepherds* to tenderly guide along the little of the flock? Who are willing to take upon themselves this care in the strength of God? Who of the young in the ranks of Sabbath-keepers, will thus come up to the help of the Lord?

The voice of the last angel of mercy is sounding, and will sound louder and louder till every child of God, old and young, great and small, are sealed. But there is danger of not listening to its voice. Some at last will have it to say, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Young friend, will it be you? or will it be me? May the inquiry go home to every heart, Is it I?

The Great Shepherd stands knocking at your

heart's door. Open it wide and welcome him in, to sup with him, and to be refreshed with his presence which is more delightful than gardens of spices. Prepare your heart to receive him as some dearest friend, for whom you would spare no pains. Then when the golden gates of the New Jerusalem are swung back to admit God's people, there where joys unutterable fill every soul, you may cast your crown at Jesus' feet, and join in the song of "Worthy, worthy, is the Lamb!" M. D. A.

The Sea Wind.

COME nestle, child, beside the fire,
A dove within its light;
I'll tell you why this hoarse sea-wind
Has made me weep to-night.

Two Falls ago, a night like this,
On wings of storm, came down;
Your brother Will was out at sea,
Beyond the fishing town.

The lighthouse tower flashed that night
Its red and angry eye—
It flashed in vain, through spray and mist,
Far up the angry sky.

The waves climbed up the black sea-cliffs,
Like wolves, that show their teeth;
They howled, they snarled, they tore the boat
Upon the frothing reef.

Along the beach the bonfires leaped
As wildly as my prayer;
But neither brought my boy from sea,
To stroke his mother's hair.

The lighthouse tower, at grey of morn,
It flashed its light no more;
The waves, like white-haired lambs at play,
Gay gambled on the shore.

And when the tide came slowly in,
A face looked from its foam:
For, borne within its tender arms,
My fisher-boy came home!

For the Youth's Instructor.

A Painful, but True, Story.

DEAR CHILDREN AND YOUTH WHO READ THE INSTRUCTOR: I have wished many times to say something to you through your valuable paper that would be useful and interesting, but felt my inability. I will now tell you something that occurred in my childhood and youth, that may be interesting to you. At the tender age of eight, and until I was thirteen, the Spirit of God often strove with me. O how many times have the tears rolled down my face when I have heard my parents and teachers read or tell of the sufferings of Jesus. O, how I wanted to see him, and tell him how I loved him. I could have easily kissed his dear feet, and like Mary, sat at his feet and learned of him; but that was many years ago, and not many thought then that a little child could understand

enough of the plan of salvation to be a Christian.

When I was thirteen years of age, God for Christ's sake forgave all my sins. O, how happy I was. I never was sorry that I gave my heart to Jesus in my youth. O no; I can now look back and say with David, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." Although I have seen much affliction, yet I have found Jesus to be a present help in every time of need.

When I was fourteen years of age my dear, kind mother was taken away from me by a violent death. I was just at that age, too, when I needed a mother's kind and tender care. My father and mother went one day to a village not far from home, and on their return they were caught in a terrible storm of wind and rain; a very large tree fell across the wagon, a heavy limb hit my dear mother and knocked her senseless, crushing the wagon-box and hind wheels, and broke the coupling. My poor mother hung to the forward wheels by her feet and clothes, and was dragged fifteen rods over stones and logs on her face. The cattle were frightened, and were hurrying home. When released from her awful situation, Oh, how mangled and torn was my poor mother! Oh, how it wrung my heart with anguish to see her suffering. She was delirious for four days, but constantly called me by name. I would hasten to her bedside, but she would not know me. At the end of four days she rallied, and her senses returned. My hopes revived a little, but after severe suffering for twenty-four days, she died in the triumphs of faith, and if faithful I hope to meet her where parting will be no more.

O, how I loved my mother! It seemed as if my whole being was wrapped up in her. And when her dear remains lay in the house before the funeral, I sat by her constantly, and when she was buried from my sight how desolate and drear everything seemed. I cannot describe my feelings. If any of you have ever stood by the bedside of a dying mother, and have seen her close her eyes in death, and friends lay her away in the cold and silent grave, you will understand my feelings.

Whenever I see children disobey their mother, I think they do not consider how soon they may be deprived of her tender care; and when called to give the last look, any act of disobedience or unkindness to your dear mother will then bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.

Dear readers of the Instructor—I hope you will all try to keep the fifth commandment; such have a promise of a home in the earth made new. You, who have pious parents that are trying to lead you in the right way, O be kind and obedient to them.

Soon after my mother's death we broke up house-keeping, and I went to live with a kind uncle. He believed that the prayer of faith would save the sick. While there I was taken down with a sickness that had been preying on my system for some months, and was unable to stand on my feet for six

months. Medical skill was baffled. They said there was no hope. I was reduced to a skeleton. I suffered the most excruciating pain constantly; no human arm could save. We then looked to the great Physician, and blessed be his holy name! he healed me. To him be all the glory. I got right up and robed myself, and walked into the next room and all around the yard and garden, praising and glorifying God.

I desire so to live that when Jesus comes I may be numbered among his jewels. I think the Instructor is an excellent little paper for children and youth. May its editor, and all its readers, be so unspeakably happy as to stand with the Lamb on mount Zion, is the prayer of your friend.

FANNY ROGERS.

Mauston, Wis.

For the Youth's Instructor.

"Hide me, till these Calamities be Overpast."

THIS is an appropriate prayer for the present time, dear children. The calamities of the last days have already commenced. The war that is in our land, is only the beginning of sorrows. The Bible says, "Evil shall go forth from nation to nation, and a great whirlwind shall be raised up from the coasts of the earth." Many nations, even now, are being affected, and no doubt soon others that are next in religious importance, will be visited by the chastening hand of the great God, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity unrebuked. Thence the fires of his indignation will spread according as they have rejected light, until the whole earth becomes like a vast prairie on fire.

Will we not need a shelter then, dear children? I can imagine the universal and hearty response, *Yes*. Well, there is one provided. Zephaniah says, "Seek righteousness, seek meekness; it may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger." Here, something is to be sought—an individual work to be done. Righteousness is right-doing; and what is right-doing? Keeping God's commandments. Here is the grand principle of right. The rest of the Bible is only an illustration of these principles.

How could people know when they did right, if there was not a rule? Some may say their consciences would tell them. Conscience, in order to be a true guide, must be educated by the word of God. It bears the same relation in guiding us in the right way, that a clock properly regulated by the sun—God's great time piece—does to the true time. Now is it not plain, children, that in order to have conscience a proper guide, it must be regulated by the word? The old Israelites were to gather their children and the stranger within their gates, and hide themselves within their houses, having the door-posts stained with blood, if they wished a secure shelter when the destroying angel

went through the land. It is written that these things were "for our ensamples."

There is a time coming when this scene will be re-acted,—when the command will go forth, "Slay utterly both old and young, but come not near upon whom is the mark." This is to show that no situation or station, however exalted in a religious sense, if without the mark, is to be exempt from the general slaughter. God says, "Mine eye shall not spare, neither will I have pity." He is no respecter of persons, and here a thought suggests itself with weight. We have some children among us that seem to be putting forth no efforts—worth calling efforts—for eternal life, who have fully come to the age of accountability. I think Satan, by the ministry of evil angels, whispers to them, You will be saved by the goodness of your parents. God will surely not let you be lost on their account, as it would detract so much from their happiness.

I know there are great promises made to the children of the righteous, even eternal life, but not to those who are capable of having an experience for themselves in working out their own salvation, unless they do all they can to secure eternal life; as if it all depended on their own efforts; the same as the farmer prepares the ground, sows the seed, and then in faith waits the fulfillment of God's promise, "Seed-time and harvest shall not cease."

Dear children, it is high time you all were seeking a safe shelter beneath the covering of Divine protection. The opportunity to enlist under the flag of Truth, will not last for ever. God's great army of 144,000 will soon be made up. The time hasteth greatly when those that now have a chance to be disciplined as young recruits, drilled in all the various exercises pertaining to the sword of the Spirit, shield of faith, breast-plate of righteousness, and the helmet of salvation, will have passed away. No more opportunities! Let me entreat you in the name of all that is lovely and of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things!

"We want no cowards in our band,
That will their colors fly;
We call for valiant-hearted ones,
Who're not afraid to die."

M. H. L.

For the Youth's Instructor.

The Narrow Way.

NONE pleasant Sabbath-day as I was going to meeting I was struck with the narrowness of the road that leads to life. It was like this:

I was walking along the railroad, on one of the bars of iron, when the thought struck me, what a fit illustration this is of the path which leads to heaven. I noticed that as long as I kept my eye on the track, I could walk with ease, and without danger of falling off; but let a bird fly up, or anything attract my attention at the side of the road, off I would go. So it is in traveling the road to life. The way is strait and narrow, and while we keep our eyes steadily fixed on the prize we do well; but let Satan present the attracting things of this world, and we notice them, and we are sure to fall. Then let us press on resolutely, and not notice the cunning suggestions of the enemy of mankind, and at last gain a home in the new earth.

WM. CAVINESS.

Fairfield, Iowa.

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

"Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy Youth."

Questions

FOR Elders Waggoner, Hull, Cornell, Snook, Hutchins, Bourdeau, Byington, Loughborough, Buck, Ingraham, Sanborn, Lawrence, Stone, Brinkerhoof, Goodrich, and Andrews:

Dear brethren—What did the Lord say in the last clause of John xxi, 15?

Whom did he say this to?

What does that mean?

Do you all feel clear about this text?

What to Study.

CHILDREN, you are now in the great school of life. You should be good scholars, and study only those books and examples which will help you heavenward. Hear what the Book of books says: "*Study to show thyself approved unto God.*" This is the great business of life. Whatever our age, or occupation, or aspirations, the one thing needful is the blessing of God, and this will only be obtained by fearing God and keeping his commandments. It is the privilege of all to be apt scholars in heavenly things. Those who learn of the divine Teacher in this world of thought and sin, will get the medal in the great day. Children, be thoughtful, apply yourselves to good things; and you will stand with honor when the mass of fallen humanity will seek to hide from the Judge of all the earth.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Lessons from the Clock.

WHEN the clock strikes *One*, remember there is one God, the Creator of all things.

When the clock strikes *Two*, remember the two great commands to love God with all the heart, and our neighbor as ourself.

When the clock strikes *Three*, remember the three names in which we are baptized,—the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

When the clock strikes *Four*, remember the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

When the clock strikes *Five*, remember the five foolish virgins who took no oil in their lamps.

When the clock strikes *Six*, remember that in six days the Lord made the heavens and earth, and all that in them is.

When the clock strikes *Seven*, remember that the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, and keep it holy.

When the clock strikes *Eight*, remember the eight persons that entered the ark and were saved.

When the clock strikes *Nine*, remember the nine lepers that were cleansed, and returned no thanks for their cure.

When the clock strikes *Ten*, remember the ten commandments that God wrote with his own finger on two tables of stone.

When the clock strikes *Eleven*, remember that none were called after the eleventh hour.

When the clock strikes *Twelve*, remember the twelve gates of the City of God, and seek to enter there.

J. H. CURTIS.

North Stockholm, N. Y.

Truthfulness.

TRUTHFULNESS is the *corner-stone* in character, and if it be not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation.

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